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"ON DIT"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE ADELAIDE UNIVERSITY STUDENT UNION.

Vol. III.

Friday, 12th October, 1934.

No. 8.

RUINATION FOR ROYALTY

An Ugly Town

By the time "On Dit" is in print the Duke of Gloucester will be in Adelaide. But Adelaide is looking unwell. It has lost its delicate charm, its freshness. It is covered with flags and fripperies and deal "pylons." Everything looks cheap.

Why is this? What are these "decorations" for? Are they to protect the crowds of chattering citizens from birds of prey, acropines, pigeons and the like? Are they charms like confetti or rose-petals?

For the ordinary peaceful citizen, and we include ourselves, these decorations are stale weeks before: they militate against natural sunlight and fresh air. For the Duke they must surely be ugly, whatever city it is that they are disfiguring. There is nothing to impress him in this unreality and sham.

Is the welcome made more sincere by this impersonal and fruitless erection of wire and string over the streets? Do we show our loyal sentiments to the Empire in tinsel and rubbish that will pass away (Thank God for that!) as soon as he is gone?

The "Advertiser" had a leading article lately about the wonder and beauty of Adelaide and its surroundings, and mentioned that the completion of Parliament House would serve as a sharp stimulus to civic pride. The Duke's visit has evidently served as a sharp stimulus to civic shame! We hide an imagined civic nakedness under a most artificial species of fig-leaf.

Surely too, if the City Council only looked hard enough, they would find some by-law against which this rubbish offends.

In Melbourne a grandstand was erected completely before it was realized that it was breaking all the established pedestrian rules. So they pulled it down and expect to erect it again once or twice while the Duke is there. The Carpenter's Union ply their tools gladly. There must surely be a full vol., fol., or roll of by-laws in Adelaide relating to over-hanging evils.

"After all, if you blow your nose in the wrong pozy some John Hop will come along and shove you in the cooler!"

And the Duke would be the last to desire the subversion of such a comprehensive code of by-laws for his "benefit!"

Of a different nature are the flood-lighting attempts in the city. They are comparatively constructive and

SPECIAL CONGREGATION

Order of Procedure

Certain definite rules to be adhered to on Monday morning next, October 15th, are published by the Registrar. The occasion is the conferring of the Degree of Doctor of Laws on H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester.

The University grounds will be closed to the public. The Elder Hall will be occupied by the Senate, and friends of members of the Senate, as well as by a number of undergraduates nominated by the Students' Union Committee. Other students will be admitted to the grounds by a special ticket signed by the Registrar. They will assemble on the lawn in front of the Elder Hall. All students will enter at the middle gate on North Terrace. This gate will be open at 9.30 a.m.

After the procession of the Senate, the Staff, and the Council, and the arrival of the Governor and the Duke of Gloucester, the procedure is this.

The Vice-Chancellor will read the address of welcome from the University to His Royal Highness, the members of the University standing.

The Dean of the Faculty of Laws will present the Duke for the Degree of Doctor of Laws Ad Eundem Gradum.

The Chancellor will confer the degree.

The Duke of Gloucester will reply to the address.

The ceremony closes with the procession leaving the hall.

Green tickets for admission to the grounds will be issued to members of the Union only on application at the Front Office.

quite a pleasing experiment. But there is not much subtlety even in here. The art of flood-lighting is partly negative in that the beauty of the lighting lies not so much in the light itself as in the shadows. So that square buildings are not the most suitable ones to illuminate.

We may at least be thankful that His Royal Highness can turn away from the city to the natural beauty of the parks, which are at their very best. And we may be thankful that money is too tight to allow the trees of King William Road, for instance, to be draped with tinsel and hung with jangling bells.

A DUKE—AND A DUCK

Henry on Torrens

The event that all have been awaiting has at last arrived. His Royal Highness, Prince Henry, Duke of Gloucester, has come to our fair city of gardens and churches.

Are we going to make a favourable impression on him? That is the vital question. Or is he going to sigh to himself, "Ah me! Just another of these blasted little capitals!" and inwardly yawn his head off?

It seems, unfortunately, that the latter is going to be the case; for it is hard to imagine anything more deadly dull and conventional than the hosts of flags fluttering everywhere, flag-drill by school children, a stodgy civic reception (every detail of which can be accurately foretold even by the most unsophisticated nincompoop), and all the rest of the commonplace proceedings.

At the Equator, His Royal Highness was, as everyone knows, welcomed in a truly picturesque and entertaining way, which event will probably remain in his mind as the most impressive and interesting experience of the whole voyage.

Can we do something like that in Adelaide? Why not an initiation ceremony on the Torrens? The water is sweet and fresh after the "spring cleaning"—quite worthy of a royal immersion. And undoubtedly the people who would carry this out most successfully are the University students. Why shouldn't they? Many a time the Duke has shown that he is a sport—he would thoroughly enjoy it. In Perth, he remarked that the young ladies were "very pretty." He can't very well say the same thing again in Adelaide, so give him a chance to say something quite different. Give him a chance to say that the University students are a "great lot"—or something equally false.

Then later on he would look back with pleasure, and say, "Ah, yes . . . Adelaide . . . I remember. One of the most pleasing and original cities I have ever visited."

On might also ask *en passant* why such splendid organisations (?) as the South Australian Orchestra, the Bach Society, and the Orpheus Society, are (vulgarily speaking) shutting up and not taking the opportunity of showing what we can do in the shape of a musical festival.

The above can all be summarised into one question—*When are we, Adelaide, going to wake up, and try and get out of our tiny little rut?*

Ex nihilo nihil fit.

AUSTRALIA TO THE DUKE

We may forget a little, being proud,
How England sent our venturous
fathers forth

And watched their striving, eager and
unbowed,

Nor slacked her care when they had
proved their worth.

England remembers, though, in youth-
ful power,

We may forget who dreamed our
heritage

Nor only dreamed. Australia in this
hour

Is once more debtor by thy pilgrim-
mage.

In England's need we were a nation
grown,

And for her aid forsook the flock
and plough;

In after years are we no less her own?
Therefore 'tis good that we remem-
ber now

And welcome thee, all loyal hearts as
one:

Henry of Gloucester, Prince, and
England's son.

and the character of the work at
which he aims in after-life.

(4) A medical certificate.

(5) A photograph.

(6) References to six persons well
acquainted with him, under at
least three of whom he must
have studied.

Last day of entry: Saturday, October
20.

RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

Intending Candidates for the 1935 Rhodes Scholarship are reminded that applications must be lodged with the secretary of the Committee for Selection, Mr. F. W. Eardley, during the next week.

Candidates must submit the following material:—

(1) A birth-certificate.

(2) Evidence as to Courses taken and degrees, Honours, and other academic distinctions obtained. This evidence should be certified by the Registrar or other responsible officer of the University.

(3) A statement by himself as to his general interests and activities (including athletics), his proposed line of study at Oxford,

FLUTTER IN DOVECOTE

Up in Arms

"Smith's Weekly" has not yet learned whether the writer of the article, entitled "This University: What is Wrong?" in our last issue, has been called before the "bar" of the University to answer for his outburst.

Quite definitely he has not been so dealt with. His views have still to be answered by facts. And "On Dit" persists in its former attitude. University Students can make hay while the summer sun is shining, and under the same summer sun make the offending or offensive article in question into so much twaddle by their efforts. We look forward to a lively vacation. Do you?

How many are going to rub shoulders with the world's workers? How many are going to dirty their hands with the most necessary practical pursuits of men? How many are going to prove that a Hitler is not necessary to hound us into such things—but that we can see its advantage for ourselves?

In fact, the whole question is another big challenge—not to the average student (a nonentity) but to the individual (a powerful potentiality).

The feeling has been getting about that the University is a little too social and easy. And while it is at the same time necessary to point out that the University is vital to the well-being of the community, we have to dispel this notion by ourselves and what we do, especially in long vacations.

So, when planning for this coming vacation (the examinations will soon be over) keep things in some proportion. If you cannot exist without the social do a big fortnight of it.

Then can you have your Nudist Clubs, your care-free and innocent enjoyments, your incursions and excursions, your Victor Harbour pastimes.

But settle down to something definite for some portion at least. Gain experience of a completely different point of view, and completely different people. And come back in 1935 ready and able to stand on the Trades Hall platform as a worker.

We can assure "Smith's Weekly" that University officials and students of any worth realise the purging possibilities of an article of this description. They are far from being up in arms.

That is why "On Dit" stands firm in its expressed opinions, even though it may cause a Flutter in the Dovecote or a Cuckoo in the Nest.

AUSTRALIAN CONFERENCE

Student Christian Movement

at

ST. PETER'S COLLEGE

from

January 3rd-10th, 1935

For Details ask:—

D. F. Burnard, W. D. Allen, W. F. Salter, W. D. Macdonald-Patridge, J. L. Allen, L. Parkin, H. Murn

and

Misses N. Taylor, J. Parkin, C. Isom, M. McKellar-Stewart, J. Wilson, F. Kirby, D. Hisgrove.

CORRESPONDENCE

Many letters received found no room for publication. But in most cases worthy of consideration, the matter contained was expressed in other parts of the paper.

Several letters had no name attached. And we state again that however important the matter being aired may be, the Editors do not read unsigned letters.

One correspondent pleads that articles of a critical nature should be publicly signed. In answer to this, we point out that we do not prohibit the ownership of any article, good or bad, being made public if the author so desires.

Few authors desire. To make it a rule would silence much that is constructive.

But the Editor must know the name of the contributor.

BRIGHT STAR!

Footlights Club Entertains

On Friday, October 5th, the Footlights Club were honoured to entertain Miss Polly Walker, the musical comedy star of "The Merry Malones," at lunch in the Refectory. Our representative assumed a theatrical expression, conjured up the names of a few film stars, and joined the merry throng. He found Miss Walker's personality charming, her conversation delightful, and her American accent pleasant.

The informal discussion centred for some time about our distinguished visitor's cat. Messrs. Dawe and Hay, looking very zoological, exhibited an intense interest in the species—in fact, Mr. Hay, with profound seriousness, only acquired after years of contemplation, observed that cats were graceful animals. Miss Walker replied, "Yes, they are," or words to that effect. Miss Walker prefers Adelaide to Melbourne because the Victorian capital is so cold, so much so that the cat slept on the hot water system. Mr. Dawe remarked that it was cold in Melbourne. Mr. Hay added that it was very cold in Melbourne. In New York, of course, it can be 30 degrees below zero, and nobody ever feels cold.

Mr. K. A. Macdonald ("an 'a' and a small 'd' so our representative was drilled), President of the Footlights Club, expressed his appreciation of the honour bestowed upon his club by Miss Walker's visit, and told us that we all, no doubt, remembered Miss Walker's performance with Jack Hulbert in "Hit the Deck." We all, no doubt, remembered.

Miss Walker thanked the club for its invitation, remarking that the atmosphere of the refectory was very refreshing.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW

At Government House

Bells were ringing, flags were waving in the breeze, for the Duke of Gloucester had come to Adelaide, and the city was gay in his honour. As I tripped up to the gates, the policeman presented arms, resplendent with ostrich plumes in his new helmet. I tipped him.

"Press," I said. "An exclusive interview." He bowed and wished me luck. The drive was lined by Boy Scouts and painted arums; I picked one negligently for a buttonhole, and reached the front door at last.

"Good morning?" said the flunkey, confiscating the flower. I produced my gilt-edged pass and he flung open the door.

"His Grace is up in the tower with a telescope looking at our foot-hills—will you wait or go up?" "Our staff motto is Non-stop," I said coldly. "Show me the stairs."

As I toiled up, I rehearsed the interview—"What do you think of Australian men? When did you first eat grape-fruit? Do you like riding? Did you ever want to be an engine-driver? What do you think of the view from Windy Point?" All those questions which, answered, would make "On Dit" the most intimate, the most widely read periodical in the metropolis. And how to address the Duke of Gloucester? I had forgotten to ask our editor. "Your Grace?" or "Your Royal Highness?" Perhaps it would be better to ask him when I got to the top of the tower. I mounted the eighty-first stair.

There were rooms on both sides of the steps, and through an open door I saw great-aunt Harriet washing table-linen. So that was where she spent her days! It was a shock. We had thought she was safe in a genteel sweet-shop down in Croydon. It was distressing, but I could not return her bow, and mounted the hundred and ninetieth stair.

A parrot fluttered down from a niche in the wall. "What's a spiral staircase?" he squawked, and flapped round the corner. I went on and up. And on and up. And up and on. Once I saw the moon through a window, and once a grey and chilly dawn.

At the nine million and seventh stair I reached the platform at the top, and there, sitting on a parapet, was a footman in weather-worn purple plush who said his name was St. Simeon.

"But the Duke?"—

His lean face creased like an old shoe. "His Royal Highness? He left Adelaide more 'an a year ago." I staggered, as his mocking laughter rang and rang in my tortured ears, till with a strangled cry I leapt from bed and switched off the alarm.

YOUTH IN TRAVAIL

This is the tale of a luckless wight,
Set to a melody doleful, drear;
Sung in a late October night,
Stirring an echo thin and clear:
*Oh, why do exams come round so fast?
Oh, why is my power to work so small?
Oh, why are the books I read so vast?
Oh, how can I possibly read them all?*

Into the deep of the night this youth
Struggled and strove with many a
sigh,
Searching for wisdom and groping for
truth,
Uttering ever this plaintive cry:
*Oh, why do exams come round so fast?
Oh, why is my power to work so small?
Oh, why are the books I read so vast?
Oh, how can I possibly read them all?*

Sadly he drooped his aching head,
Feebly he clutched at his tangled hair,
Slowly he turned from the book that
he read
As he chanted this song with a vacant
stare:
*Oh, why do exams come round so fast?
Oh, why is my power to work so small?
Oh, why are the books I read so vast?
Oh, how can I possibly read them all?*

Give him your sympathy maiden fair,
Proud young gentleman turn not
away;
Let him not welter in dark despair,
Lest you should ever have cause to
say:
*Oh, why do exams come round so fast?
Oh, why is my power to work so small?
Oh, why are the books I read so vast?
Oh, how can I possibly read them all?*

MEDICAL STUDENTS!

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PERSONAL

The Vice-Chancellor.

In being invited to address the British Academy in London, the Vice-Chancellor, Professor Sir William Mitchell, brings yet another distinction upon the University.

The British Academy exists "to promote the study of the moral and political sciences, including history, philosophy, law, politics, economics, archaeology, and philology." Its members, men of science and letters, are called Fellows, and are elected from among "persons who have attained distinction in some one or more branches of scientific study which it is the object of the Academy to promote."

Sir William will give the philosophical address for the year on the subject, "The Quality of Life."

He will be leaving early in November.

Professor Macbeth.

Professor Macbeth will leave for England at the end of the month. He hopes while there to visit several English Universities and inquire into the Drugs and Poisons Act on behalf of the Government.

Mr. J. M. Garland.

Since the last issue of "On Dit," Mr. J. M. Garland, lecturer in economics, has left South Australia for England, where at Cambridge he will do post-graduate work. Mr. Garland was recently awarded his Master of Commerce degree for a thesis written on the subject of land-taxation in Australia. He is also a Master of Arts from the Melbourne University. We wish him success.

Professor McKellar Stewart.

Professor Stewart will be absent from the University all next year on leave.

Mr. P. C. Greenland.

The many friends of Mr. Greenland, at the University and elsewhere, will be pleased to learn of his appointment to the responsible position of Sports Union Secretary in the University of Sydney. Since he left us in April, Mr. Greenland has been working as Secretary-Tutor to the W.E.A. in Tasmania. Mr. Greenland will, we are sure, prove his sterling worth as fully in his new position in Sydney as he did in Adelaide, and he enters upon his duties with the hearty congratulations and best wishes of his many Adelaide friends.

Professor Hicks.

We are shortly to lose Professor Hicks, till some time next August. Professor will be visiting Europe on matters of business. Our interviewer's erstwhile seductive inquiries failed to elicit any further information: "Not having any," said Professor Hicks.

Mr. Harold Parsons.

Mr. Parsons, of the Elder Conservatorium, is leaving at the end of this month for England. And though he will only have six months there he hopes to study orchestral and chamber music as much as possible. Mr. Parsons is permanent Honorary Conductor of the South Australian Orchestra as well as the mainstay of the Elder string quartet. His visit to England should be a great help to his work in Adelaide.

He travels with Professor Macbeth, but just who is responsible for which, Mr. Parsons hesitated to say.

PROCLAMATION

To, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE HENRY William Frederick Albert, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, Earl of Ulster and Baron Culloden, Knight of the Order of the Garter, Knight of the Order of the Thistle, Privy Counsellor, Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order.

May it please Your Royal Highness.

WHEREAS His Most Gracious Majesty the King has appointed Your Royal Highness to visit His Majesty's liege subjects in divers of his Dominions beyond the Seas AND WHEREAS it is the intention of Your Royal Highness to visit among such Dominions the State of South Australia in the Commonwealth of Australia AND WHEREAS it is the intention of the University of Adelaide in such State to confer upon Your Royal Highness the degree of Doctor of Laws on Monday the 15th day of October in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four AND WHEREAS we the students of the said University will be unable to be accommodated in the hall in which the conferring of such degree is to take place AND WHEREAS it is our desire nevertheless to associate ourselves with the evidence of affection which is being given by the peoples of His Majesty's Dominions beyond the Seas and in particular by the peoples of the State of South Australia abovementioned NOW THEREFORE WE by these presents humbly extend to Your Royal Highness a loyal welcome to these shores and to this University of Adelaide hereinbefore mentioned.

GOD SAVE THE KING!

GOVERNMENT MONEY

Necessary Proportions

We should like to remind people that the Public Library is still in an absurd position. No one seems to have mentioned it lately. Perhaps because its value as a library is so rapidly decreasing. It is years out of date. The grant by the Government has been so far reduced that it is now barely enough to pay the salaries of the staff. There is no income at all to buy books, except small private contributions.

This is a vital State Responsibility.

We question the spending of £150,000 on a new Parliament House without some proportionate grant to higher education—in this instance the Public Library. We recognise that it is a splendid objective for the South Australian Centenary to build Parliament House, and an amazing benefaction by a private citizen. But there are more vital things than the beauty of a city in the long view.

We raise the question of the Public Library again because it is so easy for us to take for granted an impossible and suicidal state of affairs for the future well-being of South Australia.

What more vital responsibility can there be for a State Government than that of providing ample opportunities for training men at public cost, with at least one comprehensive and up-to-date public library?

Mr. Peter Bornstein.

After years here teaching the violin, Mr. Bornstein has returned to England for good. He came to Adelaide after being in charge of Paylova's orchestra in Australia. He has been a brilliant leader of the String Quartet and as a man of technique his place will not be easy to fill.

UNIVERSITY PROPERTY

Developments

The University becomes much more beautiful with the gardens and lawns that are growing up all round it. And one may legitimately wonder what the next step in the building plans will be.

The Bonython Hall is far enough advanced for us to appreciate part of its outline, and from the outside it gives promise of a finely proportioned building. But the poor old Elder Hall suffers much by comparison; and we may only hope for the removal of the Exhibition Building as soon as possible. How often do these temporary structures outlast their generation and become an eye-sore to the next!

With the Bonython Hall squeezed in beside it, the Exhibition Building becomes worse than ever.

One of the next things to hope for is the Men's Union Building. It is hoped and partly expected that this may be completed within the next two or three years.

The tentative plans provide, on the ground floor, for a hall to seat 170, various offices and a cloakroom. The first floor will include a Common Room, a Library, and a sun Terrace. For the basement there are plans for a Billiard Room, and a Gymnasium with full equipment, including showers. It will be a big day for the houseless males of this University when the M.U. Building materialises.

Plans for the use of the Jubilee Oval are not yet formulated. But many students hope that it will remain an oval as long as possible. Certainly it is something desirable to have an arena for any purpose so close at hand. The military forces of the University use it to advantage on Saturday morning,

LOUDER AND FUNNIER

High Court Comes Down

If a Court is not, as is often said, a place of entertainment, it is equally true that Judges are, when off the Bench, among the most delightful and entertaining of speakers. For this reason the Law Students' Society has at the end of the year a fixture known as the "Judge's Address," and on Thursday, October 4, this address was given by Mr. Justice Owen Dixon, who was accompanied by Mr. Justice McTiernan, of the High Court of Australia.

Not having had time to prepare a formal address, Mr. Justice Dixon entertained us for an hour with a delightful speech on the subject of "Advocacy" generally, the qualities of an advocate, and the ethics of the profession. He said he was speaking to law students, and was quite content to be considered one of their number.

Mr. Justice McTiernan added a few words, stressing the importance of having other interests outside one's chosen profession. Mr. C. T. Moodie and Miss R. F. Mitchell thanked them on behalf of the societies, Miss Mitchell remarking that it was a unique occasion in that she was able to agree with any remarks made by Mr. Moodie in his capacity as Secretary of the Law Students' Society.

Supper provided an opportunity for the visitors to meet the members, and each Judge soon became the centre of an interested group, which fired questions at him on every subject. Mr. Justice Dixon hit the nail on the head when he remarked that he thought too much attention was paid to the Australian Constitution, a large part of which was conceived by Sir Samuel Griffith in the throes of some of the very gay parties he used to give on his yacht, in the middle of Sydney Harbour in the naughty 'nineties.

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G. McRITCHIE,
General Secretary.

and the air rings with hearty and throaty commands.

However things advance, we may at least hold up our heads and admire what the Council is doing with gardening and tidying. And we may feel quite confidently that as a property Adelaide can hold her own with the other Universities of Australia,

CIDER, FREE LOVE, HOCKEY

The Aussies On Tour

DRINKING, DINING, DANCING THROUGH
NEW ZEALAND.

A Reminiscence.

"... And when you return to Australia we hope that you will take back with you the pleasantest memories of New Zealand and New Zealanders, and a still further enhanced reputation for bright hockey and good sportsmanship."

At which sixteen green-backed, athletic-looking young gentlemen purr and look eminently satisfied with things in general. On the 22nd time of saying this, the said young gentlemen look askance at one another. On the 167th, those who are conscious look wistfully at the clock, which, perched over the venerable Mayor's venerable head, seems to have stopped—"never to go again, till the old man died."

Whereupon the Manager and Captain respond—same needle, same record:

"We are very glad to be here, and thank you very, very sincerely indeed for the fine reception you have given us... hospitality... many friendships... beautiful town... particularly anxious that B— should be included in the itinerary... may the best team win... if we lose will be the first to congratulate you..."

Eventually the affair draws to a close.

Such is the civic welcome. Similar is the dinner, and similar the Dance-reception. But the rewards for these inquisitions are many and great.

The Hockey.

Hockey was, nominally, the first interest of the tour. Four matches a week for five weeks kept the avoirdupois down to a minimum; in fact the reserve-ranks became more and more popular as the tour advanced. The general standard of play was satisfactory, the Australian stickwork and push-shots in particular impressing the New Zealanders. We taught and learnt several useful points in tactics and manipulation. New Zealand Hockey is more rugged and vigorous than our own, the Australian style being half-way between the New Zealand and Indian, which represents stickwork and individual play at its highest.

The occasional soaked grounds handicapped the Australians unduly. Playing on tacky seccatine is distressing. Three wet matches, including the Test, were lost, as also were the last two games.

But there were many fine matches, and no regrettable incident from first to last. The second half of the Test was perhaps the high-water mark of the tour; each side hit three good goals, which scoring speaks of itself for the speed and standard of the play.

Roto Rua.

The team's only spell was a two-day jaunt to Roto Rua. September 18th, was a cloudless day. After an early morning dip in the hot sulphur baths, we motored out to the thermal region at Whakarewarewa. (Spelling correct). This region is one of three or four in the North Island and extends over some six acres. Pools, icy, warm, simmering, or boiling violently, geysers, mud-baths, hissing cracks and fissures—these intrigued us for over two hours. The plop and splash of the mud-baths was amusing, and in places resembled slow-boiling antiplogiston. The Maori community makes full use of the boiling springs and pools for cooking purposes. Some of the steam-cracks also are surrounded by a small rectangle of concrete like a box, which, with sacks thrown over the top, forms the ideal Fireless Cooker.

Maori children, aged 3-10, followed the party round, dived for pennies and, for the asking, sang the sweet, simple, rhythmical Maori songs.

Grotesque native carvings in wood added to the interest of the place. The Maori fears to presume to represent the spirit of the deceased, and therefore carves figures deliberately grotesque and mutilated.

In the afternoon we were driven round the various lakes of the district, Roto Rua, Roto Ehu, Roto Ihi, and Roto Ma, amid varied lake-lilies, through dense native bush, whose dark depths re-echoed to the calls of birds, and past extensive pine, beech, and larch reserves.

Roto Rua is the tourists' paradise.

Et Cetera.

But the Hockey and the Sight-seeing were not all, by any means. Many items—songs, pranks, jokes, dancing, swims, snow-fights, and others—contributed to the life and fun of the trip. Even the *mal-de-mer*, luggage drill, speeches, autographs, and profitless poker, now that they are memories, are pleasant to recall.

Home, Sweet Home.

The send-off at Auckland was a sight to dream of not to tell. Those tender, lingering farewells. Those soulful embraces and osculations that left up-to-date film stars nowhere! Those fluttering streamers! Mon, it drew the tears from the eye!

And so the Aussies returned.

—J.L.A.

SUMMER GAMES

Change is sweet; and it is with pleasure that we, at the advent of summer, give o'er the leather ovoid for the lusty willow, the twanging racquet or the swinging blade.

The past winter season has indeed been a pleasurable one, though the change to the summer sports is naturally welcomed by all.

RIFLE CLUB.

Five stages of the Annual Championship and Handicap have been completed, and as can be seen from the scores the competition is keen in both events.

The final stage which will be fired on Saturday should be full of exciting incidents as the range is 900 yards; and the chances of at least four competitors in each event will depend on every shot fired.

Position and Scores; possible is 400.

CHAMPIONSHIP.—Walter, 366; Young, 361; Broolke, 361; Woithe, 360; Rance, 356; Cooper, 353; Howell, 352.

HANDICAP.—Woithe, 375; Smith, 371; Walter, 370; Rance, 369; Young, 367; McFarlane, 366; Brooke, 365.

ROWING.

At the recent Annual General Meeting J. C. Cuming was elected Captain of Boats, while P. M. Cudmore, after three years' enthusiastic and capable service, vacated the secretaryship to G. Walkley.

The Tyas Cup will be competed for by faculty crews on Saturday, October 27th.

At the Henley-on-Torrens, planned for Saturday, December 1st, the Club hopes to enter two Eights for the four events—Senior and Junior, Maiden and Dash Eights. The prize is a big one, and we wish them success.

BASEBALL.

The club finished a most successful season by defeating Goodwood 6-5 in the challenge final, although Alec Smith was absent through illness. Called on to pitch in his absence, Keith Gillespie was responsible for a remarkable performance in keeping the opposition down to six hits. What is more, he collected two brisk two-baggers with the bat.

The team gave a great fighting display. Not only did they hit Sharpe hard and often, but nearly everyone was responsible for a piece of phenomenal fielding at some time or other. Gillespie received able support in the field from Pellew, Whittington and Stevenson Todd and Sutherland batted strongly.

This is the first occasion on which we have been premiers and also minor premiers; while our B1 team were runners-up in both divisions of B Grade. Together with these, our Inter-Varsity success, and the fact that we had six Interstate representatives makes 1934 the club's most successful year since its inception.

PENNANT TENNIS.

With the inclusion of a number of new players this year, the Pennant Tennis Club can look forward to a suc-

cessful year's activity. The District Team has been strengthened by the inclusion of J. M. Dicker and may—perhaps—win a match or so this year. The other grades—A pennant, B1, B2, and C—will all have strong teams and should all do well when the players have settled down.

The season's matches started on Saturday, September 29th, with games in A pennant, B1, B2, and C. Both A and B teams lost their matches, 4-2, the C's had a 6-0 win, while the D's managed to win on games.

Brown's performance for the A team was the best of the day. He won his double with A. C. Davis, and managed to pull his single out of the fire when 5-3 down in the third set.

Players, generally, suffered from lack of practice—mainly due to the weather.

CELEBRATE!

Less that Exam Feeling!

SWIMMING CLUB DANCE
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

Tickets, 3/- single,

From—

Barbara Winterbottom

Pat Burnard

Pat Salter

and the other Members of the Committee.

PAST STUDENTS

Information Bureau

A section is devoted in each issue of the University Magazine to the beings and doings of past members of the University.

It is felt that the columns devoted to this could be improved, and all past graduates and students are invited to send to the Union Secretary, Mr. Hamilton, any tidbits of personal news. Mr. Hamilton is prepared to keep a file for such correspondence, and personal news-items are invited any time during the year.

Previously the section was dependent upon the spasm of feverish curiosity that immediately preceded the publication of the Magazine. This, it is felt, has been a loss and can, we hope, be remedied by asking those interested to send their contributions in any time during the year.

This is important.

MacRobertson's

QUALITY in CHOCOLATES